By CHARLES B. LEWIS OM. QUADA.



one occasion, in riding through the scrub, I came full upon the camp of six bushrangers. There were a sudden alarm and a rush for their guns, but I called who had lost his way and was not fired

On the occasion of which I write I ad made a ride of 30 miles to reach station 17," which was at the base of s chain of hills, with a vast plain is front of it. A creek ran along the base of the hills, and on the bank of this stream was the but. The provision cart had been there a week before and found everything all right. I reached the but an hour before sundown one afternoon to find the herder on the point of leaving. On the forenoon of the previous day he had been vanted by two bushrangers, one of whom recognized him as a witness who had given testimony against him in a case at Sydney three years before. The fact that the herder had been an nuwilling witness now saved his life, though he was ordered off the run and warned that he would be killed if he returned. To remain in defiance of the order meant death. He must go and while waiting for a berder to be sent out to take his place I must look out for his herd. I gave him my horse and his instructions as to where to re-port, and he was off before sundown. He said that I would probably have a visit from the bushrangers before I was out of it, but I must take the chances of that. Things were very quiet just then, and if they paid me a visit they

would not be in an angry mood.

That you may understand more clearly let me explain that while most of the hote had only the earth for a floor this one was elerated three feet from the ground and had a floor of split poles. The elevation was on account of the occasional overflow of the creek, and the herder being something of a carpenter had put in his spare hours fixing op. I had prepared and eaten supper and hed a cheerful blaze on the hearth when the two dogs legan to growl and give other open and stood there a fair mark, while called out to know if any one wanted food and shelter. Almost instantly a man advanced from the durkness and salufed me with a "good evening" and stopped past me into the but. I chosed the four and turned around to find him standing before the fire, and I instantly standing before the fire, and I instantly recognized him as a notorious criminal known as decicing little, who had been bushranging for four years and had rewards amounting to £1,000 on his head. In his hand he had a long and heavy riffe, and in his belt two pistols and a knife. He was a man about 3% years and material about 100 pounds, and it onl, weighed about 120 pounds, and it meshed but a glance to tell you that he was all muscle. He had a short neck, the jaw of a building, and a more wicked face, taken from chin to forehead, you

Glad to have your company." I said se I throw a fresh stick on the fire. "Fil have you a bitle to eat in a minute er two. Looks like a storm before more

Where's the berder?" he growled on I prepared his coffee.

tions of the run, seconding to se-

"And you are a company inspector?"
"You. I just got here this evening set will have to stay till a mon coupse

were determined to finish me of

cuse to finish me off, but they did not know what a desperate man could do. Had they let me alone, had they given me a fair show, I would have done my work and obeyed all the rules. They drove me to murder and robbery, and may they be accurred for it!"

"You were badly used, as the story goes," I answered as he stood looking at me with a savage expression of cetin-tenance, "but were you driven to this aget of life?"

ort of life?"

What else could I do?" he shouted.

the road in laid to me. I've got any extra, but they pile 'em on. I saw by a Sydney paper the other day that the reward is up to £1,000."

"And wouldn't you like to earn it?"
"No. I want no blood money. From what I have beard your trial and transportation resulted from perjury. I have told that they used you brutally at



"PERHAPS TOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND." the settlement. I don't blame you for escaping, nor yet for feeling as you do, but you deserve hanging for some of the murders you have committed."

"Yes, I have shed a great deal of blood," he said as he sat down again.

Sometimes I am glad of it and some-"Sometimes I am glad of it and some-times sorry. I have killed to get even with the world, and the world must balance accounts by taking my life. It won't happen soon, however. I'm good for five years more of bush life and at the end of that time may find a chance

to get out of the country."
"You'll not last that long in this part of the country. I have never given the police any information about bushran-gers, and it's hardly fair to post you as te their doings, but I may say that two new statuous are to be established, and the governor says he will clear out the

'That's the game, ch? Well, if it gets too hot, we'll have to more on, I suppose, but we'll give them a try for it. Do you know why I came here to-

'To see if the herder had gone, prob-

"That's it, and I was boping he had not, so I might shoot him. I saw you through the chinks and had my finger on the trigger twice. I should have shot you if you hadn't come to the door."

"A man must be a fiend to go about murdering people in that way," I said as I looked up at him.

"You are right," he replied, though he first scowled fiercely at me. "There are times when every the worst of my men gets afraid of me and skulls away. I

was in such as ugly mood this morning that all of them left camp. Even up to the fime you gave me a pipe I inwhat my plan was?"

"I was going to the you up in a par-cel and roust you before the fire."
"Well, I'm unach obliged to you for changing your mind, as I prafer to live on and earn 48 per month. It's only fair to state that I have had as many as

feir to thate that I have had as many as 10 good apportunities for almoting you since you entered the hut, but I don't want your blood on my hands."

He looked at me for a minute in a queer may and then rose up hung the belt certaining his pistole and knife on a hook and started to lie down in the more bank. The floor was pretty well

"Would ye shake hands with me?" gruffly queried the man as he turned on

"Yes, I would, but with the hope that no more blood may stain it. Good-

He started off along the base of the hill and had gone perhaps 20 rods when he halted, turned about and retraced his steps. He came right up to me, placed his hand on my shoulder, and in a voice which quavered a bit and was low and soft he said:

"I shall never be quite as bad again I have been. If you hear of my be-g captured, try and get to see me."

was then captured and his band dis-persed. He was premptly tried, con-victed and sentenced to be hanged. I made an effort to see him, but the au-thorities would not permit it. Through his lawyer, however, I got a letter which worked a sudden and wonderful change in my career. It told me the apot where Geelong Bill had buried the bulk of the treasure he had secured as a freebooter, and a month after his death I was in possession of it. Some of the was in possession of it. Some of the £20,000. The sheep herders insisted that it was nearer £50,000. As a matter of fact, after I had restored everything I could find an owner for the "swag" amounted to only £2,800, and much of that was in gold nuggets, which he had picked up in the mountain streams and earned in an honest

A French chemist is reported to have proved beyond question that comium-a bluish white metal, with violet luster, obtained as a residue from dis-solved platinum ore—la the most infus-ible of metals. In his interesting experiments in this line the substance could never be made to yield to the oxy-hydrogen flame, which makes platinum and fridium run like water, and not and iridium run like water, and not only this, but it has been subjected to the excessively high heat of the electric arc, a temperature which has lately been successfully employed in the manufacture of diamonds and under which fierce heat the rare metal ruthenium, which used to be deemed all but infusible, readily meits, but comium remains refractory, there being apparent only the very faintest traces of fusion. The conclusion is that osmium, on this account, very faintest traces of fusion. The con-clusion is that osmium, on this account, cannot be prepared in sufficient quanti-ty to render it very useful in the arts, though its alloy with iridium, which de-fies the acids, is of some value, being unexcelled for tipping gold pens, and possessing, as it does, the character of being unoxidizable and nonmagnetic, its employment for the bearing of the mariner's compass has been thought de-sirable.—New York Sun.

There is a Washington young woman who, in addition to having sensitive nerves, is intensely devoted to Browning. Much of her time she applies to the discovery of new mysticisms and much more to worrying over them. Not long ago she was quite ill. A friend called on her and said consolingly:

"Never mind, dear. This idleness will make you enjoy life all the more when you are about again."

"I don't know," sighed the petient.

"Perhaps I will not get well."

"Oh, you don't think of such things as that, de you?"

"You take it rether cheerfully?"
"Oh, I don't mind it at all. Perhaps I shall meet Mr. Browning in the next world, and we shall have such a good time explaining his works to each other?"—Kate Field's Washington.

Banks (flicking off the asies with also little finger)—Yes, I smoke a good deal A cigar is company for a fellow when he's limesome.

Rivers (raising the window)—You must have been hard up for companionship when you lift that due,—Chicago Tribone.

"I wonder why Miss Lightop wears that trying shade of green?"
"Meny, it's because it is difficult to match and gives her such a magnificent chance to go shopping."—Chicago luter Ounce.

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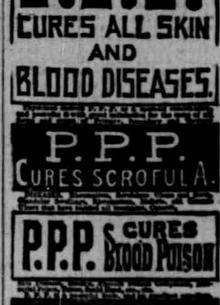
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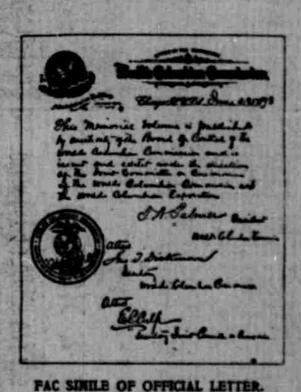
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